Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his piteous, and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away:
Cancell his bond of life, deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the dog is dead.
Qu. O thou dids prophecie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toade.
Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune;
I cald thee then, poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a gariish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in ieast, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doest thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catiue crownd with care:
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and doest thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?

Now

Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen here, I slip my weary necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell Yorkes wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English wars, will make me smile in France.
Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare dead happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse makes the bad causes worse,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes wil make them sharp, & pierce like mine.
Dut. Why should calamitie be full of words? *Exit. Mar.*
Qu. Windie atturnies to your clients woes,
Aierie succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore breathing orators of miseries,
Let them haue scope, though what they do impart
Helpe not at all, yet do they ease the heart.
Dut. If so, then be not tongue-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets smother
My damned sonne, which thy two sonnes smothred:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter king Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A shee, that might haue intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed wombe,
From all the slaughters wretch, that thou hast done.
Qu. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where would be grauen, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two sonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine slaue, where are my children?

Dut.